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GOING-TO-THE-STARS

BOOKS BY VACHEL LINDSAY

GOING TO THE STARS.....Poetry

GOING-TO-THE-SUN, OR TRAMPING
WITH GRAHAM IN THE ROCK-
IES.....Pictures and Rhymes

A HANDY GUIDE FOR BEGGARS
Prose

ADVENTURES WHILE PREACHING
THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY
Prose

THE ART OF THE MOVING PIC-
TURE.....Prose

THE CHINESE NIGHTINGALE
Poetry

THE CONGO.....Poetry

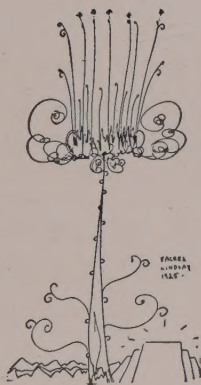
GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH EN-
TERS INTO HEAVEN.....Poetry

THE GOLDEN WHALES OF CALI-
FORNIA.....Poetry

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF SPRING-
FIELD.....Prose

GOING-TO-THE-STARS

BY
VACHEL LINDSAY
AUTHOR OF "GOING-TO-THE-SUN."



D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
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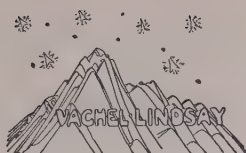


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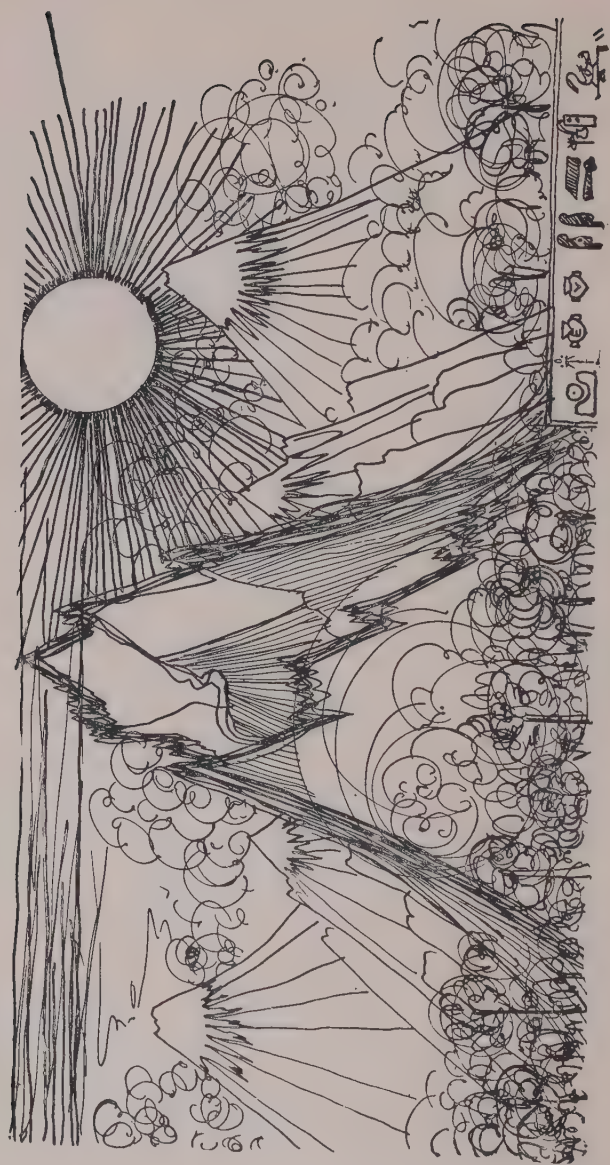
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GOING-TO-THE-STARS



Sunrise on Sun-Mountain

GOING-TO-THE-STARS

One starry night my wife and I left our home in Spokane, the city of locust trees, for a journey toward the stars. This is an account of it we write together:

“We left our home in the Davenport Hotel wearing the uniform of the road. This included pack boards such as the Indians use, and Sierra sleeping bags. By way of the Great Northern, we arrived next morning at the eastern entrance of Glacier National Park, Glacier Park Hotel. There we danced and swam after the manner of conventional tourists at any conventional hotel.

“Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, our first goal, we reached next day at noon by official park motor through the perils of the Blackfeet Indian Reservation. We say perils because on his only journey afoot through this reservation, Vachel Lindsay was repeatedly shot at by some aborigine who did not recognize a brother.

“As we approached Going-to-the-Sun, we came out of American into United States jurisdiction. We left the reservation and entered the National

Going-to-the-Stars

Park. We crossed St. Mary's Lake, which we have renamed 'Going-to-the-Stars.' Our pilgrimage begins and ends with this starry lake, the whispering lodge of our songs. In it are reflected nine mountain peaks: Reynolds, Singleshoot, Fusilade, Citadel, Goat, Whitefish, Little Chief, Red Eagle, and Going-to-the-Sun. In it are reflected also that day-star, the sun; that queer and irregular planet, the moon; and all the little stars. One of the daisies that bloom profusely on the edge we have renamed Going-to-the-Stars.

"Sun Mountain Chalet is a peaceful and kindly place where, unmolested and untroubled, one may gather these flowers as he chooses, and look up at mystifying slopes of the mountain. There is something about the way this mountain is drawn that makes one an astronomer. And he who has once drunk deep of the water of this lake is forever climbing toward the stars, then making his return journey to the mountain and the lake for renewal.

"There are all sorts of ways of climbing toward the stars. Some star climbers are disguised as mere hikers, hiking hither, thither, and yon. So on the following night we climbed, and slept for the first time under the open sky at the head of Swift-current Pass.

"From August 8 to September 15, 1925, we two

Going-to-the-Stars

were for the most part alone in the open. Official chalets and camps, deserted log cabins, and, many times, our own camp fires gave us protection by night. It was a pair traveling, not a group. Our companions were, first, the government contour map; second, Roeder's *Grammar of Egyptian Hieroglyphics* and the first volume of Warren's *Chinese Primer*; third, and certainly the most companionable, Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology* and his *New Spoon River*.

"Starting at Many Glacier Hotel, we walked to Granite Park; thence along Mineral Creek to Flat-top Mountain, and down the Little Kootenai to Waterton Lake. From the lake we tramped over Indian Pass to Crosley Lake, and back; and we also walked one rainy Sunday into Canada. Later, leaving Waterton by way of Brown's Pass, we went over the Divide and down to Bowman Lake on the west side. There we found the automobile highway, and in the last lap of our journey took the romantic mail coach to Belton. From Belton by railroad, automobile, and launch, we returned to the east side of the Divide and to Sun Mountain, which became thenceforth the central point for our walks.

"This is the bare outline of the excursion. What are the things we fondly remember about it?

Going-to-the-Stars

Many of the poems in this book were written concerning three previous walks in the same region. One of the walks Vachel Lindsay took with Stephen Graham; the two others he took alone. Now in 1925, we two, trying to discover the same Glacier Park, found a new one, alternating fifty-fifty with the old. Of our new park we will speak some other time. We will say only this of it now: we did our first housekeeping, anywhere, in the deserted log cabins of the deepest, loneliest, farthest forests of that park.

“Of the old Glacier Park, known and loved of all men, this book attempts to be a a souvenir. We shall speak now of certain aspects of our 1925 hike which touch on these songs.

“Log cabins mean Nancy Hanks, and log cabins mean Andrew Jackson. Wherever there are national parks and national forests there are log cabins still. You may not realize how much log-cabin territory there is in the United States; get from the Departments of Agriculture and of the Interior, maps of the national forests and parks, and you will see how tremendous an area it is. Every park is in the center of an endless forest, every forest enshrines a park. Despite optical illusions to the contrary, there is a vast America in our national parks, utterly inaccessible to the automobile,

Going-to-the-Stars

to be reached only by the slenderest of trails through the brush. When man reaches these places, he is in log-cabin conditions again, where the tallow candle and the ax are the main weapons against darkness and storm. The deeps of the national parks, though assumed to be playgrounds, actually represent conditions similar to the much larger national forests. The forests even of Glacier are interminable and for the most part utterly unvisited. The log cabins we chanced upon were symbols of all this. They were five in number.

“The worst and oldest of them was better than the one that Nancy Hanks slept in for two terrible winters, a half-face camp in Indiana. A half-face camp is a one room shack with no doors, no windows, no floor, and the fourth side open to the weather, where a fire may be built. With little Abraham Lincoln held against her heart, she endured cold and exposure, sleeping on the bare ground.

“The log cabin so emphatically elected Jackson that his enemies and the enemies of his lackey, Van Buren, developed the ‘Tippecanoe and Tyler, too’ campaign to steal the Jackson and Van Buren thunder. These seem old tales, but after a month or two of finding refuge in deserted log cabins in the western woods, generously left open to all comers,

Going-to-the-Stars

we decided that it might be assumed that Andrew Jackson is not yet dead. Certainly the *Spoon River Anthologies*, first and second, owe some of their power to the fact that Edgar Lee Masters is a stern Jacksonian. The vast organization of skilled, highly educated outdoor men who have in hand the national parks and forests are necessarily living the log-cabin Andrew Jackson life. One beautiful cabin we slept in was still in process of making, a one-room house of magnificent design, all the logs in the round, to be lighted, of course, by the world's eternal tallow candle. We took a candle from our pack and slept there. It was in a towering grove of canoe-birch and aspen, in a circle of cliffs that crowded it so closely and soared so high, that the cabin was like a jewel in the bottom of a giant's well. The old old trail leading to it and away from it had no human footprints; trees like the pillars of Baalbek had fallen across the path every half mile and stayed to gather moss three inches deep. What were the footprints in the soft mud near the streams? Many deer, many bear cubs, a few big bears, a few wolves, a few moose. In these log cabins by candlelight, we were far from the saxophone, and nearer to Noah's Ark, for instance.

"Flattop Mountain is the loveliest of all the high valleys our eyes have looked upon. It is a great

Going-to-the-Stars

serene inland sea of bear grass overtopped by the long ridge of Mount Kipp. It was there we met the stormsoaked flowers after three days of wind and snow. There is the flowery bush called 'Going-to-the-Fountain-Springs.' There, too are the Forty Waterfalls of the Forty Kisses, the Fairy River of Desire, the Great Rock of Wonderland, and the Lake Called the City of Glass. The story of Flattop would take a new Milton to tell. But there are endless fields of the flower we call 'Going-to-the-Stars.'

"Almost as an afterthought, on our last afternoon in the mountain, at four o'clock, we started up Mount Kipp, which marks the Continental Divide. By the merest chance, we found at the very top, in a crevice of the boulders, a sort of Pass of Thermopylae, the only way over, and the only way down, in miles of summit. So down through the perilous crevice we crept, feeling like John Ridd and Lorna, sneaking down the Doone Pass. On that other side we found the Secret Place of Glacier Park, The Place That Nobody Knows. In it, across a little glacial lake far below the natural balcony on which we stood stranded in mid-air, were the strange deserted peaks we called 'Egypt's Last Stand,' and 'The Secret Door.' Here, to this hidden place, let the traveler climb with faith to find the ghosts of

Going-to-the-Stars

the flower-fed buffaloes, trooping up a distant valley toward that ancient iceberg lake; here also let him find celestial flowers and trees, for here winged seeds can take root and grow. No breaker of spells ever dares come up through the Pass of Thermopylae: that circle of many-colored rocks encloses an enchanted fortress. Almost to the very summit, are tossing inaccessible fields of the flowers we call 'Going-to-the-Stars.'

"One of the people we mentioned constantly on first entering the park was the admired Stephen Graham. We kept telling each other how he tramped and camped, until we almost learned how to tramp and camp ourselves. We sent him letters pledging devotion. With even more emphasis, we thought of him as guide, philosopher, and friend when we crossed the Canadian line on Waterton Lake. One needs a British shepherd in the British Empire. Some boundaries are guarded by soldiers or by Chinese walls. Stephen is now tramping in bristling, difficult eastern Europe, still meditating on his philosophy of boundary lines. He is the man with Wesley's motto, 'The world is my parish'; the man with a globe in his head. He is sometimes in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, sometimes holding the hand of my Lady London. There is no boundary in the world that is more the property of Stephen

Going-to-the-Stars

Graham than the Canadian, a wide swath cut in the lonely unguarded forest where any man may walk east or west. North or south, east or west in this forest, a man will find nothing but friends.

“We, Elizabeth and Vachel Lindsay, cannot pretend to be Egyptologists, but in our idle reconnoitering days on Waterton Lake, before we planned the second half of our holiday, we went into Gunther Roeder’s *Short Egyptian Grammar*. It is based on the grammar of the great Adolph Erman, so we are starting in the way we should go. Here, in this park, struggling with so much unhewn western rock, we indulged in amateur meditations upon that people who made unhewn rock over into carven stone, and cut their immortal word upon that stone. The Egyptian hieroglyphic is the only stone-cut language in the history of mankind, and has so remained from the beginning to the end. Therefore it is so magnificent, so pictorial, so all conquering. The nearest thing in civilization to the Egyptian basalt hieroglyphic tablet is the American zinc-etching block which is even more rigid and sharp-edged. It is used to reproduce the drawings in this book and all pen and ink drawings whatsoever, anywhere. By way of the zinc-etching block and other similar devices, we have returned to Egypt again.

Going-to-the-Stars

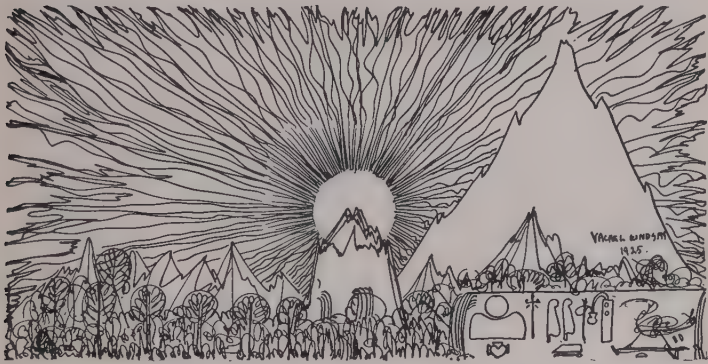
And so we philosophized hieroglyphically a great deal and studied hieroglyphics a little.

“Then we thrust all books behind us, put on our packs, made the tremendous circuit of the more moss-grown west side of the park, and finally arrived at Sun Mountain again on the east side. All the way we were going to the stars. Days are short, between overwhelming cliffs, and nights are long. At the bottom of a well you can see the stars at noon; we were so far down sometimes that the sun was a star. We were so high on the passes, at other times, that the earth beneath us was a star. Of course we do not want to boast; we never reached the stars or we would not have come back. Many times they were as close and as hard to touch as the rainbows of the glacial ice caves. So it was on our last climb around Sun Mountain when we visited Sexton Glacier and went over Siyeh Pass.

“Our home is the Davenport Hotel, Spokane, but this account ends on the slopes of Sun Mountain and in the Alpine meadow to the north of the mountain at midnight. Until that hour the clouds had rolled around us; then, in an instant, every cloud was gone and every star was in the heavens, in its rightful place. All the mountains were outlined in a great hieroglyphic circle by starlight. We had left our packs behind at the chalet. Against the

Going-to-the-Stars

dampness and the thick cloud, for six hours, we had kept a gigantic fire burning. Slowly we had moved the fire five paces to the east, and on the fire-cooked ground we now made our spruce-bough floor and bed. So our best log cabin had a spruce floor, mountains and wild fire for logs, and a star roof.”



THESE ARE THE YOUNG

DEDICATED TO THE REVEREND CHARLES PEASE
Minister of the Unitarian Society, Spokane, Washington

I

“What new mob disturbs the days?
Who are these, with intrusive ways,
Who speak with an alien tongue?
Who are these Olympian-white
Butterflies of flame,
High upon Sun Mountain,
Invading now, every fountain,
Obeying their own captains
And to no man tame;
Whispering so low
We cannot hear at all,
Yet calling: ‘Brother,’ ‘Sister’
Through the sun-mountain wall?
Who are these Olympian-white
Butterflies of flame,
Full of a holy grace?
Tell me their spiritual name.”

The Answer

“This is a separate race,
Speaking an alien tongue—
These are the young!”

These are the Young

II

“Tell me of the Olympian-white
Aspen trees of flame,
And of the Olympian-white
Mariposa lilies,
Climbing great Sun Mountain,
Invading now, every fountain,
Tell me their spiritual name.”

The Answer

“This is a chosen people,
This is a separate race
Speaking an alien tongue—
These are the young!”

III

“Tell me of the Olympian-white
Basket-flowers of flame
The marching-plumes of flame,
Climbing great Sun Mountain,
Invading now, every fountain,
While our hearts grow greater
And our climbing songs are sung;
While the days grow later,
While the sun still lingers,
Or great storm bells are rung,

These are the Young

And the lightning splits the hills,
And now, the falling fountain fills.
Tell me of these high-plumed tribes
Of Indian basket-flowers
That march up the Sun Mountain glacier,
Through the holy hours.
What is their spiritual name?"

The Answer

"This is a separate race,
Speaking an alien tongue—
These are the young!"

IV

"Who are these boys and girls on horseback
Who go by next day,
The horses loaded for camping,
No guides to lead the way?
Girls Olympian white
Or painted to the eyes,
Innocently wicked,
Innocently wise;
Innocently impudent,
Innocently gay—
Boys who are Young America,
Scholars, lean and white,

These are the Young

Or athletes red and gay,
Proud young man America,
Well on its way,
Girls most bewitching,
Boys most untamed,
Hotly praised and preached at; hotly, *very* hotly
blamed.
Who are these? What is their aim?
What is now their game?
What is their spiritual name?"

The Answer

"This is a chosen people,
This is a separate race,
Speaking an alien tongue—
These are the darlings of my heart,
These are the young."

AN ORATION, ENTITLED

“OLD, OLD, OLD, OLD ANDREW
JACKSON”

“Our Federal Union, it must be preserved!”
Jackson’s famous toast.

I

*The Coming of Hope in the Heart of Old
President Jackson*

I will speak of your deeds,
Andrew Jackson,
When I take the free road again.
Oh, the long, dusty highway!
Oh, the rain,
Oh, the sunburnt men!

I will think of you,
Strong old Indian god,
Old turkey cock,
On a forest rock,
Old buffalo, knee-deep in the weeds,
Old faithful heart who could boast and strut;
I will think of you when I harvest again,
I will think of you in the forest again,
I will think of you when the woods are cut—
Old, old Andrew Jackson.

I think of you, Andrew Jackson,
Two o’clock in the morning,

Andrew Jackson

In the White House, alone,
You stand there, Old Hickory,
Lean as a bone.
It is now
The fifth of March,
1833,
And you wonder
With an aching heart,
Have you set your people free?
You see the frontier skirmish-line
Of the western cabins, built
For man's escape
From Babylon,
From Europe's gold and gilt;
And yet you know this Washington
Is too fine
Too superfine,
Is full of sugar,
Cake and wine.

I dreamed when I was only a boy
Of this second inaugural night,
When you, a second time,
Had your way;
And your banners burned bright!
I saw you marching around your fire,
Tired, restless, fuming, dreaming,

Andrew Jackson

Booted and spurred,
Till day.

Some are born to be bullied and chidden,
To be bridled
And ridden,
Born to be harried or whipped or hidden;
Others
Born
Booted and spurred to ride,
To make the aristocrats stand aside.
I dreamed, as a boy, of Andrew Jackson,
Relentless, furious, high in his pride,
Democracy irresistible,
Booted and spurred
To ride.

He broke the horns
Of all cattle who horned him,
He broke the bones
Of all who scorned him;—
Biddle or Webster or Clay or Calhoun.
The finest hope from the Cave of Adullam,
Since David ascended the throne;—
Old Andrew Jackson,
The old, old raven,
Lean as a bone!

Andrew Jackson

Now his smart lackey, the wizard Van Buren is
gone.

Van Buren's crawlers, bootlickers and toadies have
gone,

But the best and the worst of "The People" stay on.

Young frontiersmen drink around Jackson,

Yet he sits alone,

Like a stone.

He is so cold,

He is so old.

The night is so empty, so weary, so dreary,

He is short of breath, he breathes hardly at all,

He wishes for death and the end of it all—

Old old,

Old old,

Andrew

Jackson.

Why should he not be unsteady?

He is a legend, already.

Though he leans here, the conqueror of the proud,

Harvesting here without fear,

He sighs for his coffin, his pall and shroud,

And calls for his Rachel aloud.

And he thinks of Van Buren and all such men,

Then stands up and laughs,

Andrew Jackson

And laughs again.
For he thinks what all lions think of all jackals;
Then he thinks of the time when the world was
 young
And Rachel was young,
When he threaded black woods without guard,
 without guide,
And shot without trial all who slandered and lied;
He thinks of gigantic scoundrels he hung
In West Tennessee, when the Nation was young,
In Florida, when the Nation was young.
Then he thinks he will soon
Hang those
Nullifiers,
And make them a "terror to traitors"—
And especially . . .
John C. Calhoun!
Then, he thinks on,
To Heaven,
Where heavenly Rachel is gone.
And the boy frontiersmen sense the mystery
Of the far-off eyes and the destiny
Of this man who could never change his mind,
Who put strange fight into humankind.
Still cold as a stone,
Abrupt, alone,
Old, old,

Andrew Jackson

Old, old,
Andrew
Jackson.

He climbs to the roof.
He looks at the stars aglow,
One constellation
Seems like a buffalo.
He says: "The world is so queer and so
wide!"
He wonders if that new notion is sound—
These rascals say that the world is round.
And he watches the fires on the edge of the sky,
Far-off delirious dancers go by;—
Democracy prancing on far-off hills,
Where the hard cider pours down
In rivers and rills.

Soon his back grows straight,
His manner more stern,
His breath turns fire,
His iron eyes burn,
More and more mysterious grows
The dawn,
Till he calls to his Rachel the rose.
He dreams,
As he walks,

Andrew Jackson

Of the bride
Of his youth—
Her immaculate beauty,
Immaculate truth.

That game-cock look all over him now,
Don Quixote now, with a dangerous eye,
He inflexibly stands
With a Bible and picture there in his hands;
(And only in these will his heart confide!)
His wife's tattered Bible tight in his hands,
And her miniature there in his lonely hands:—
Old Rachel Jackson,
Our flag, our flag, in her capable hands,
Her faithful and deathless hands!

He tramp-tramp-tramps down the creaky stair,
With a rattle of spurs,
A rattle of spurs,
Jingling out
The old, old story,
Democracy's shame
And Democracy's glory,
A natural king
With a raven wing;
Cold no more, weary no more—
Old old,

Andrew Jackson

Old old,
Andrew Jackson!

Now the strong west wind with a loud song is sing-
ing,

Down the White House chimney the wild song is
winging:—

“West Tennessee brought white horses for him,
Strong colts in relays, white horses in line,
Each steed had more splendour, fury more fine,
War horses, king horses, stallions divine.
Then the whole Nation brought white horses for
him.”

Only the rich want his name to grow dim,
To have the American people forget
How they brought great white horses for him.
Do you think that I want some fool,
Statistical,
To picture that second inaugural
Who has read all the diaries of that day
And all that the Adamses have to say?
And the speeches of Calhoun, of Webster and
Clay?

I must ask a boy who has faded away.
I must ask my own heart when it was so young
To speak of Jackson with a proud tongue,

Andrew Jackson

As my father and my grandfathers taught me
To speak of Jackson with a proud tongue.
When I take the road and beg again,
In the first log cabin I will talk of Jackson.
There, the second inaugural night,
With a cane he drove the last revelers out,
For there were swine in the glamour and rout.
There were gourds on the floor,
Empty hard cider kegs,
Broken-up tables,
And broken chair legs.
But, far on the edge of the Maryland hills,
Bonfires burned high, the revelers danced,
Steeds and riders snorted and pranced;
Thebes had gone down,
Sparta gone down,
Babylon fallen,
Rome fallen,
London Tower fallen,
The Bastile fallen!
Gone were the blasphemous breeds—
Mankind was made new.
The only crown was Democracy's crown,
The only town left was Democracy's town,
And Jackson was king of it, too.
And the hard cider poured down the hills and the
trails,

Andrew Jackson

And men drank up glory from gourds and from
pails.

In the empty White House the chieftain was still.
His face was a talon,
His hands were talons,
George Washington's old armchair was a throne,
The high-heeled women were weeping alone.
Rachel Jackson's old ghost
Was queen on the throne.
He thinks of New Orleans,
Then of the day
He sent Calhoun's messengers furious away,—
The green logs hissing a sinister tune
While he thinks
Of Calhoun.

He hears louder shouting,
The bonfires afar
Shine on the hills like his mighty north star;
He hears his followers boasting, bantering,
With the end of his sword he stirs up the embers,
And he thinks of secessionists,
Counts all their numbers,
But he looks in the embers and sees his white
horses,
Cantering, cantering, cantering, cantering.

Andrew Jackson

II

*The Coming of Day in the City of Washington,
March 5, 1833*

I will speak of your deeds,
Andrew Jackson,
When I take the free road again,
Oh, the long, dusty highway,
Oh, the rain,
Oh, the sunburnt men!
I will watch all your storm clouds,
On the wing,
I will hear your red robin sing.
Only the rich want your name to grow dim,
But the robin will sing again your wild hymn.

The neat little town
Has no peace,
No rest,
Backwoodsmen have poured in from the whole
West!
Oh, the hard cider crowd drinks him down by the
gallon!
His long hands are talons!
His face is a talon!
Oh, this is the secret that shakes him forever:—
The Star-Spangled Banner that stands near his side

Andrew Jackson

Is his furious heart's immaculate bride,
That flag is Rachel Jackson to him,
And the light of that lady will never grow dim.

Strange indeed are the ways of the Giver,
Pouring out the people forever.
From forest and field,
They will ever renew,
But the Jacksons are few.

When I take the free road again,
I will hide from the rich forever,
Like an under-the-desert river,
The better to learn the ways of the Giver.

Let us think of Democracy's proudest son,
The *wilderness*, brought to Washington,
The *frontier*, brought to its place of power,
To its proudest hour!—
Bull-buffalo, tramping again the weeds!
Victory
There in his eye,
He thinks of his speech
On last Fourth of July,
And many a farther off Fourth of July.

He hears a far Yankee Doodle tune,
He thinks he will soon be hanging Calhoun:—

Andrew Jackson

That new-made aristocrat John C. Calhoun—
The green logs hissing
A sinister tune,
While he thinks of Calhoun.

Long he leans there,
Over George Washington's chair,
And he visions his Rachel throned dimly there,
Till his eyes have a curious,
Furious glare.

More and more mysterious grows
The dawn till he calls to his Rachel the rose;
Again, and again, and again, till the day,
He opens his shirt,
He beats his breast,
He takes out the picture of Rachel his pride,
Of old Rachel Jackson,
Our flag in her hands,
His furious heart's immaculate bride!
Oh, miniature carried against his lean side,
Hung round his neck by a great black cord,
Carried in battle, and duel, and storm,
Always kept by his battle wounds warm.
Oh, the light of the lady will never grow dim!
She was always the Star-Spangled Banner to him!
The binding touch of that great black cord

Andrew Jackson

Filled his heart with the love of the Lord,
And the wrath of the Lord.

“The kings and the commons against the world—”
Where have we heard that story before?
How soon will we hear it one time more?
In the name of that cause I will knock at your
door—
Of that natural king
Soon come begging again,
Oh, free American women and men.

I see Andrew Jackson kneel by the fire,—
Then—
He heaps hissing logs till the fullness of day,
With that terrible fixedness in his look,
He kisses the picture of Rachel again,
He reads again from that tattered book.
Full day has come,
The bridegroom is young,
He strides about! And he strides about!
And he rattles around with his spurs and his sword,
And he tramples down every slanderous tongue,
Democracy's old, old heart has grown young.

The green logs give forth more mysterious fires,
The hickory logs hum a more sinister tune,

Andrew Jackson

While he thinks of Secessionist
JOHN C. CALHOUN;
And he thinks he will soon
Be hanging Calhoun—
The new-made aristocrat, John C. Calhoun,
Who would wreck the Union—
John C. Calhoun.

III

*The Coming of To-morrow to the American
Democracy*

And to-day,
My darlings,
Victory
Burns in his eye,
Our Democracy's dreams ride westward with
him,
Around the bright world, in valor and pride,
For he has learned that the world is round,
And the cries for his reign in all nations abound.

So from Sun Mountain,
When cliff shadows deepen,
I look to the west
At sunset, at moonrise,

Andrew Jackson

Beyond where the sun
Has ended its journey, and stars have begun,
And I sing my song in valor and pride,
How Jackson still on white horses will ride.
Looking into my campfire,
There on Sun Mountain,
A fiery fountain—
A hissing,
A showering,
A more and more unaccountable flowering!
I watch there all night
Till the last logs burn down,
And I see in the bright
Immaculate coals the Pacific foam;
I see in the bright
Immaculate coals Jackson's horses of white!

Oh, horses in relays, horses in line,
Each steed has more splendor, fury more fine,
War horses, king horses, stallions divine!
He rides the Pacific on clouds red and white,
Our Democracy's children ride westward with him.

Now the new west wind a loud song is singing
Again and again and again till the day:

*"Some men are born saddled and bridled to be
ridden,*

Andrew Jackson

*Others born booted and spurred to ride.
I sing the song
Of Andrew Jackson,
Born
Booted and spurred to ride!
West Tennessee brought white horses for
him,
Strong colts in relays,
White horses in line;
Each steed grew in splendor, with fury more
fine—
War horses, king horses,
Stallions divine!
Then the Nation
Brought white horses for him
Old old,
Old old,
Andrew
Jackson!
Then Death brought white horses for him.”*

And I lift my eyes from my all-night camp fire,
And I see him ride the high clouds of desire,
For he was born booted and spurred to ride—
Booted and spurred to ride!
My darlings,
Born

Andrew Jackson

Booted and spurred
To ride!

This oration was given for the Jefferson's Birthday Dinner, April 15, 1925, at Spokane, Washington, for the local organization of the Democratic party. It was a source of satisfaction to me to have it accepted definitely as a political oration for a definite party, and not as a parlor poem. It is to be read aloud, in the way one would read a political speech from the newspaper at election time, when such issues are really before the people.

VIRGINIA

When I was asked to look at a gold model of the *Mayflower*
in a Bank in London.

Oh, Mayflower, made of filigree gold,
“Hear now my song of love, melody immortal,”
Virginia, Virginia!

Land of the gauntlet and the glove,
Virginia, Virginia!
Horseback land of sash and plume,
Where they rode to wisdom, wonder and doom,
Virginia, Virginia!

They took their axes and their Bibles,
They took their guns, they took their fiddles,
Dancing the old Virginia Reel,
They went West to the new blue grass,
When it was still Virginia.
When people say “Kentucky,” they mean Virginia.

And they were very proud and high,
Remembering a southern shore,
The Potomac, and Virginia.
Then west, to escape from western ways
Days too hasty and too thin,
The tribe went on to the furthest west,
Where the oldest thoughts again begin,
Still dreaming of Virginia.

Virginia

They took their schoolbooks and their wagons,
They took their scythes, their rakes and flagons,
They took their fiddles, Bibles and guns,
They took their sons, and their sons' sons.
On to new Missouri;
And they were very proud and high,
And danced the old Virginia Reel,
Remembering Virginia.

They took their glories and their shames,
They took their trifles and their rags,
They took their sects and tribes and names,
They took their cloaks and moneybags;
They went west to the silver mines.
And they were hoity-toity high,
Remembering Virginia,
Remembering Virginia,
The strutting, prancing glory,
The sweet dancing glory,
The wonder, the heartbreak,
Virginia, Virginia!

They went northwest to the tall woods,
On to Kootenai,
On to Going-to-the-Sun;
To the mountains called Olympia,
To the river called Columbia,

Virginia

To dew and mist and roses.
And they were very proud and high.
Chin-high, breast-high, thoughts-in-the air,
Remembering a southern shore,
Remembering Virginia.

We can make fun of their every-days,
But, "hear now my song of love, melody im-
mortal"—

Virginia, Virginia!
Land of the gauntlet and the glove.
Virginia, Virginia!

Pocahontas, Powhatan,
Rolfe and Raleigh and John Smith,
Jefferson, Washington—
First families of Virginia.
Mount Vernon, Monticello,
And that ancient University
Founded by wild Jefferson,
The place where young Poe learned to sing—
Virginia's University!
Remembering the wandering walls,
The proud pillars, the strange halls,
Of that old University—
The brain of old Virginia!

Virginia

They went northwest to the tall woods,
They went northwest to the pine woods,
And they were touchy and quite high,
Remembering those ragged men
That followed hard the Stars and Bars,
The Potomac running mud and blood,
While Lee reigned in Virginia!
Remembering Lee and all his men,
Remembering daguerreotypes, tintypes, books and
photographs
That once came from Virginia—
And thinking deeply all the while
Of the growing dimness of that land,
And the ruin of Virginia,
And the ruin of Virginia.

At the Seattle water front
The lovers stood there, eye to eye,
Their passage booked for India,
West, to escape from western ways,
Days too hasty and too thin,
To the farthest West and the furthest East,
Where the oldest thoughts again begin.
Starting Walt Whitman's journey there,
The passage to India.
Paying in heartbreak for their pride,

Virginia

Like all the great who lived and died—
Remembering Virginia.

Oh, lovers, standing eye to eye,
Remembering a southern shore,
Remembering George Washington,
And the dim land of Virginia.
“Hear now my song of love, melody immortal”—
Land of the gauntlet and the glove,
Virginia, Virginia!

If your dust in far Thibet
Shall sweep across the desert walls
And mix with the wild desert snows
Beyond the heights of India,
Something will whisper:
“Washington, Jefferson, Virginia,
Poe and Virginia,
The melody immortal—
“Virginia! Virginia!”

THE FLOWER-FED BUFFALOES

The flower-fed buffaloes of the spring ✓
In the days of long ago,
Ranged where the locomotives sing
And the prairie flowers lie low:—
The tossing, blooming, perfumed grass 3
Is swept away by the wheat,
Wheels and wheels and wheels spin by
In the spring that still is sweet.
But the flower-fed buffaloes of the spring
Left us, long ago.
They gore no more, they bellow no more,
They trundle around the hills no more:—
With the Blackfeet, lying low.
With the Pawnees, lying low,
Lying low.

THREE HOURS

The moon was like a boat one night,
And like a bowl of flowers,
Three butterflies were riding there,
Named for three lovely hours.

The first hour was the hour the night
Was a great dome of peace,
The second hour was when the night
Gave my heart release
From all old grief and all lost love.

And the third hour was when
I found that I was reconciled
To Heaven and Earth and men.

THE ANGEL SONS

We will have angels and men for sons,
For I have gone out to you
Wearing the wings of desire,
In the rain, in the storm, in the dew.

4

Strong men, stronger than any we see,
Strong angels, stronger than any we see,
Singing of love round the poppy bed,
For they have soft eyes, and they weary of waiting
For our souls to reach the ultimate mating,
Weary of waiting, worn with waiting,
Till half of their glory is dead.

My soul has gone out on their poppy song,
Wearing such wings of desire
That our angel sons will have strength to the utter-
most,

Beauty and dreaming power to the uttermost,
Veins filled with snow and uttermost fire,
Snow from the top of the Great Sun Mountain
Fire from these flowers of desire!

They will rule our sons who are merely men,
Enforcing our will on the earth again,
Beginning, beginning at Great Sun Mountain,
They will make over the land,
They will make over the age,

The Angel Sons

Granite each angel house,
Crimson each written page.

They will rule our sons who are merely men,
Earth sons with this elder brother start!
Born from beneath your earthly heart!
Born from your lily side,
Strong, with the sternest eyes,
They will conquer the land and its pride.

Dear girl, when these wild years die,
When other lovers go by,
Playing Sun Mountain games,
With faith that their love will also save
Their pride of love from destruction's breath,
Their sun-born stock from uttermost death,
And their earth-born stock from uttermost death,
These lovers will say our names,
And, climbing Sun Mountain high,
Will stop where our bodies lie,
And leave as the sign of faith
A poppy upon your grave,
Yes—
A mountain poppy upon my grave!

SUNRISE

To drink the cup of Faust, and find youth waiting,
To drink Lord Byron's cup, and find youth gone,
Or drink Christ's fearful cup of crucifixion,
Or Buddha's cup, that great renunciation—

I think that I would rather be this mountain,
Lifting my head, drinking the cup of dawn.

RAIN

Each storm-soaked flower has a beautiful eye.
And this is the voice of the stone-cold sky:
"Only boys keep their cheeks dry.
Only boys are afraid to cry.
Men thank God for tears,
Alone with the memory of their dead,
Alone with lost years."

WHAT THE WILD CRANE BROUGHT

A wild crane came flying
With music around his head,
Not his cry,
But little cries
Of thoughts white and red,
The thoughts you have,
The thoughts I have,
That we have left unsaid.

NANCY HANKS, MOTHER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Out of the eater came forth meat; and out of the strong came
forth sweetness." Judges 14: 14

A sweet girl graduate, lean as a fawn,
The very whimsy of time,
Read her class poem Commencement Day—
A trembling filigree rhyme.

The pansy that blooms on the window sill,
Blooms in exactly the proper place;
And she nodded just like a pansy there,
And her poem was all about bowers and showers,
Sugary streamlet and mossy rill,
All about daisies on dale and hill—
And she was the mother of Buffalo Bill.

Another girl, a cloud-drift sort,
Dreamlit, moonlit, marble-white,
Light-footed saint on the pilgrim shore,
The best since New England fairies began,
Was the mother of Barnum, the circus man.

A girl from Missouri, snippy and vain,
As frothy a miss as any you know,
A wren, a toy, a pink silk bow,
The belle of the choir, she drove insane
Missouri deacons and all the sleek,

Nancy Hanks

Her utter tomfoolery made men weak,
Till they could not stand and they could not speak.
Oh, queen of fifteen and sixteen,
Missouri sweetened beneath her reign—
And she was the mother of bad Mark Twain.

Not always are lions born of lions,
Roosevelt sprang from a palace of lace;
On the other hand is the dizzy truth:
Not always is beauty born of beauty.
Some treasures wait in a hidden place.
All over the world were thousands of belles.
In far-off eighteen hundred and nine,
Girls of fifteen, girls of twenty,
Their mammas dressed them up a-plenty—
Each garter was bright, each stocking fine,
But for all their innocent devices,
Their cheeks of fruit and their eyes of wine,
And each voluptuous design,
And all soft glories that we trace
In Europe's palaces of lace,
A girl who slept in dust and sorrow,
Nancy Hanks, in a lost log cabin,
Nancy Hanks had the loveliest face!

THE JAZZ OF THIS HOTEL

Who do I curse the jazz of this hotel?
I like the slower tom-toms of the sea;
I like the slower tom-toms of the thunder;
I like the more deliberate dancing knee
Of outdoor love, of outdoor talk and wonder.
I like the slower deeper violin
Of the wind across the fields of Indian corn;
I like the far more ancient violoncello
Of whittling loafers telling stories mellow
Down at the village grocery in the sun;
I like the slower bells that ring for church
Across the Indiana landscape old.
Therefore I curse the jazz of this hotel
That seems so hot, but is so hard and cold.

A CURSE FOR THE SAXOPHONE

Originally appearing in the *Spokesman-Review*, Spokane,
December 16, 1924.

When Cain killed Abel to end a perfect day,
He founded a city, called the City of Cain,
And he ordered the saxophones to play.
But give me a city where they play the silver flute,
Where they play a silver flute, at the dawn of the
day,
Where the xylophone and saxophone and radio are
mute,
And they play the Irish Harp at the end of the day.

When Jezebel put on her tiaras and looked grand,
Her three-piece pajamas and her diamond bosom-
band,
And stopped the honest prophets as they marched
upon their way,
And slaughtered them, and hung them in her hearty
wholesale way,
She licked her wicked chops, she pulled out all her
stops,
And she ordered the saxophones to play.
But give me a Queen whose voice is like the flute,
Queen of a city where the saxophone is mute,
Who can dance in stately measure, in an honest
solemn way,
When they play the Irish Harp at the end of the day.

✓

A Curse for the Saxophone

For the Irish Harp moves slowly, though the Irish
heart moves fast,
And both of them are faithful to their music at the
last,
And their silence after music is the conqueror at
last.

What did Judas do with his silver thirty pieces?
Bought himself a saxophone and played "The Beale
Street Blues."

He taught the tune to Nero, who taught it to his
nieces,
And Rome burned down to saxophones that played
"The Beale Street Blues."

Now it comes by wireless, and they call it news!

When Henry the Eighth of England married his last
wife,

He carried underneath his coat a well-edged butcher
knife,

But he affected to be glad, affected to be gay,
And he ordered the saxophones to play.

But give me a wedding where the silver flutes at
dawn

Bring visions of Diana, the waterfall and fawn!

Give me a wedding where the evening harp is sing-
ing,

A Curse for the Saxophone

And Irish tunes bring Irish kings, their strange
voices ringing,

Like songs by William Butler Yeats or noble Padraic Colum,

Give me a wedding that is decent, sweet and solemn,
Not based on brazen dances or hysterical romances,
When they order the saxophones to play!

When John Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln the good,
He hid himself in a deep Potomac wood,
But the Devil came and got him and dragged him
below,

And took him to the gate—and the rest you
know.

Twenty thousand pigs on their hind legs playing
“The Beale Street Blues” and swaying and saying:—

“John Wilkes Booth, you are welcome to Hell,”
And they played it on the saxophone, and played it
well.

And he picked up a saxophone, grunting and rasping,

The red-hot horn in his hot hands clasping,

And he played a typical radio jazz,

He started an earthquake, he knew what for,

And at last he started the late World War.

✓

A Curse for the Saxophone

Our nerves all razzed, and our thoughts all jazzed,
Booth and his saxophone started the war!

None but an assassin would enjoy this horn.
Let us think of the Irish flute in the morn,
And the songs of Colum and the songs of Yeats,
And forget our jazzes and our razzes and our hates.
Let us dream slow Romance and the slow great
wings
Of the good and the great sweet Irish kings!

This "Curse for the Saxophone" was dictated by me with Stoddard King at the typewriter offering valuable amendments and suggestions including "The Beale Street Blues." Mr. King could claim at least half the poem if he chose, not only as an inspiring but also as a constructive artist. In short, he helped me write it.

WHEN I WAS A TREE

When I was a tree, an aspen tree
An Indian wigwam hid by me
And a great big redwood sheltered me,
And a great big mountain sheltered him.
But a white man came and cut him down
To make cheap shacks in a dirty town,
And shot the Indian in my shade,
And I wondered why young trees were made.
I stood alone, sunburnt and slim,
And the mountain stood. Those men left him.

CELESTIAL TREES OF GLACIER PARK

A SONG WITH HIEROGLYPHS

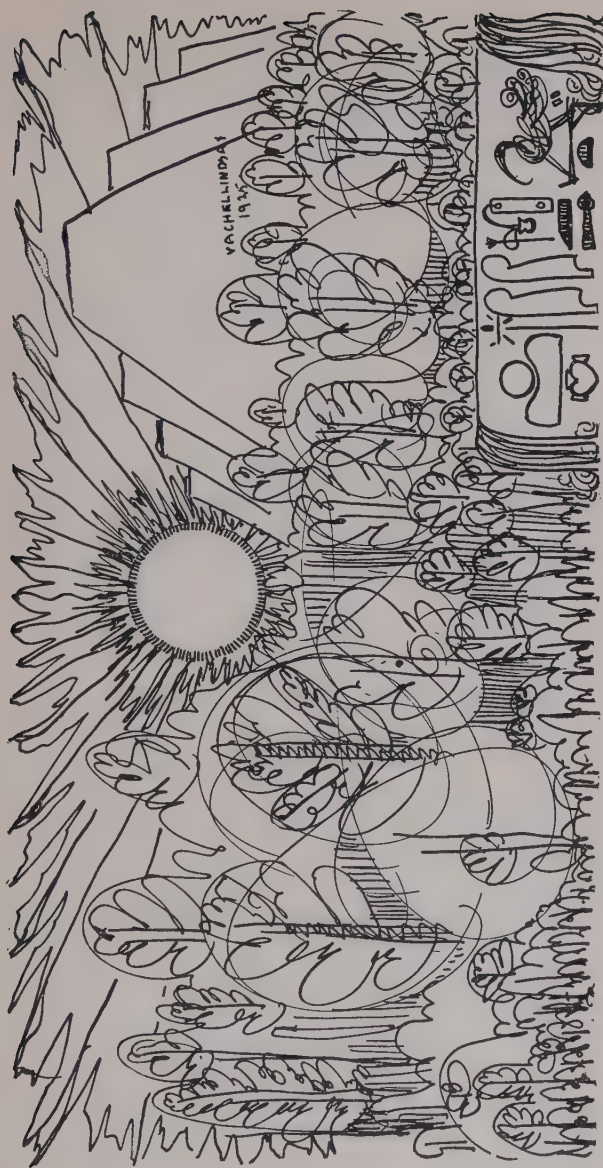
Celestial forests grow in Glacier Park
Invisible to all but faithful eyes.
Those who are wise
See each new tree spring with its aureole.
Every dawning brings one more surprise
Shining in heaven between them and the sun,
Or nodding where the cold rivers run,
Or hovering over granite, shale, and snow,
The ghostly trees like rainbows come and go.

I

These are the trees: The Stable for the Deer,
The Bee's Skyscraper, The Angel's Spear,
The Daisy's Tower, The Storm Wave of the Land,
The Old Clock Tower, The Manitou's Hand,
The Mountain's Giant Flower, The Dreamer from
the Seas,
These are the trees.

II

These are the trees: The House of Honeycomb,
The Ball Room of the Winds, The Great Green
Torch,
The Buffalo's Pride, The Pillar of the Sky,
The Bear's Home, The Tall Fern That Will Fly,



Celestial Trees

Celestial Trees

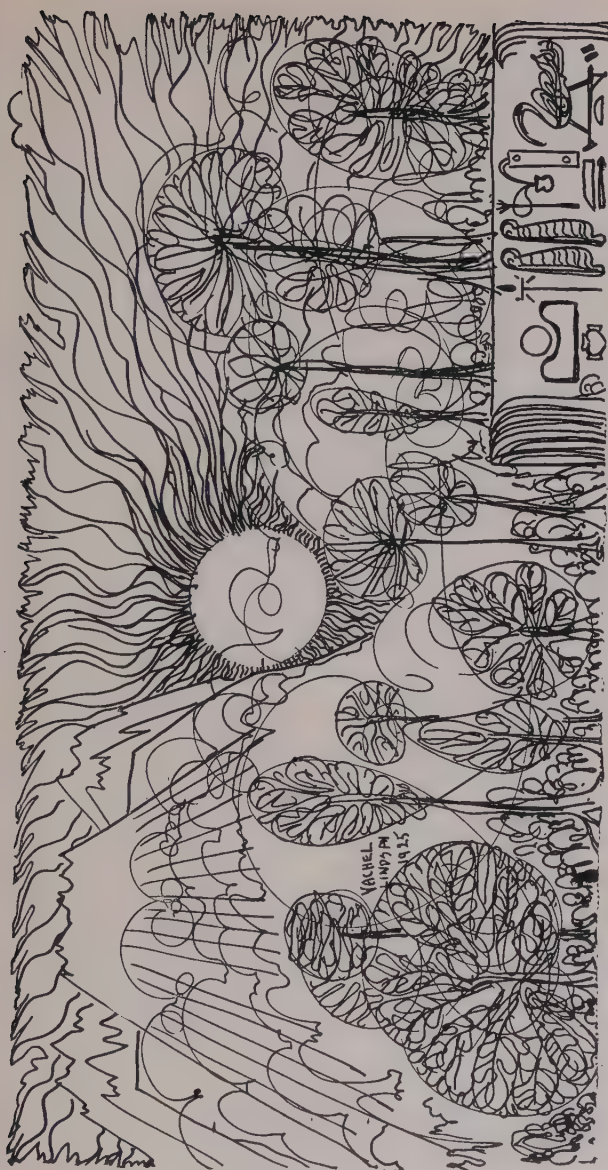
The Priest of the Morning, The Giant's Knees,
These are the trees.

III

These are the trees: The House of Honeycomb,
The West Wind's Evening Lodge, The Red Man's
Temple Dome,
The Waterfall's Big Brother, The Frost Defyer,
The Planet's Nest, The Root's Achieved Desire,
The Sun's Bride, The Fire That Will Not Freeze,
These are the trees.

IV

These are the trees: The Chipmunk's Tenement,
The Icicle's Retreat, The Fire Bird's Flat for Rent,
The Flowering Sword, The Planet's Hair,
The North Wind's Dress, The Fir Bough Stair,
The Moss That Dared, The Dreamer from the Seas,
These are the trees—these are the dream trees.



These are the Dream-Trees.

THOSE CLOUDY RIDERS

When they floated by, those cloudy riders,
Eager to go I know not where,
They thought I would join them, those cloudy
riders,
And sleep in the flowers in the great tree's hair,
Sleep in the heart of the apple blossoms,
Deathless, blooming since ancient days.
Some day I may join them, those cloudy riders,
For my sweetheart sleeps in those flowers always.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT ✓

Jack-in-the-Pulpit preached to-day,
His congregation came on wings—
Thoughts of far-off wild pink roses,
And other diaphanous thoughts with stings,
Thoughts of investigative nettles,
Of blackberry bushes cut and slashed;
Thoughts of distant poison ivies,
Came all the way with their green teeth gnashed,
Thoughts of serpents, of whippoorwills,
Thoughts of dragon flies, wasps, and bees,
And thoughts of sour old apple trees.

A flattering crowd, from the whole wide woods,
All much alike, these thoughts, these wings,
Forgot that they had teeth and stings.

Our Jack read scripture from the skies;
Our Jack preached, "Put your stings away,
"Be like little clouds at play." *smile* 1

They liked Jack's eloquence. They said:
"How well that scripture verse was read!
"He thunders like his papa thundered,
"And like his papa nods his head!

Jack-in-the-Pulpit

“The farmer’s bull should hear this man!

“That bull needs preachers just like these

“To bring him to his wicked knees!”

LADY LONDON

There is a Lady London
Whose face I hardly know.
I turned away from London
Because I feared her so.
But the whisper of young London
Goes farther than the sword—
Far across the water,
She calls to me. I go.
For my mother loved young London;
And centuries far back,
Some one walked in London
Before he found the track
Into our agéd wilderness,
Some Austen or Frazee,
Walked in foggy London
And never thought of me.

THE PANSY WEDDING

FOR LAURA WHEELER

Oh once I ate a pansy bud
When I was short of bread:
The rascal had been drinking dew;
The liquor filled my head.

I saw a pansy king and queen
And dowager sail by:
The haughty dowager was fat:
The little queen was spry.

The stately king was like a cloud
In lazy summer days:
He stood beside his pansy girl
And whispered solemn praise.

I forgot that I was hungry
His cooing was so grand:
She slapped him when he kissed her
And tried to hold her hand.

I almost died a-laughing
At the funny things she said.
So feed your lover pansy buds
When you are short of bread.

THE FOUR SEASONS

I saw my muse go walking,
Her path was day and night!
The rake of Autumn in her hand:
Her hair was Winter-white.

But she was clothed in Springtime
She bore a fairy fan—
The wind of Love and Summer—
That comes to every man.

THE SPOKANE APPLE FAIRY

Her hair like curly sunbeams,
Her voice a bell,
I saw a fairy come
From an apple as it fell;
She was scattering little flowers,
And she spread her little hand
With a blessing for the grass
And the orchard land.



WARMING UP THE MOON

"The moon is too cold," I said to the Mohawk,

"The creature is dusty and gray.

"And I must sit on this beach all night

"And wait for a dreadful day."

So the Mohawk came down from his tent in the
north,

And built me a fire on the sand

Of live-oaks and straws and of Spanish moss,

And of gems from a ring on his hand;

And seven hairs from his black coarse braids,

And an eagle plume from his war bonnet high.

And the fire turned a wonderful red,

And he took down the moon from its shelf in the
sky—

He shoved it deep in the red-hot bed—

"Now there is your moon," he said.



THE MOTH AND THE UNICORN

“What does that unicorn eat for his meals?”

Asked the moth from the closet one day.

“My wings are bright fur, for I live upon fur,

“My legs are all wool, for I live upon wool,

“My plumes are fine feathers, I live upon feathers.

“My children at college, who still are mere worms,

“Live upon feathers, and soon will grow feathers—

“They eat up one good coat a day.

“But what does that unicorn eat for his meals,

“That vulgar young unicorn eat for his meals?

“I darkly suspect he eats hay!”

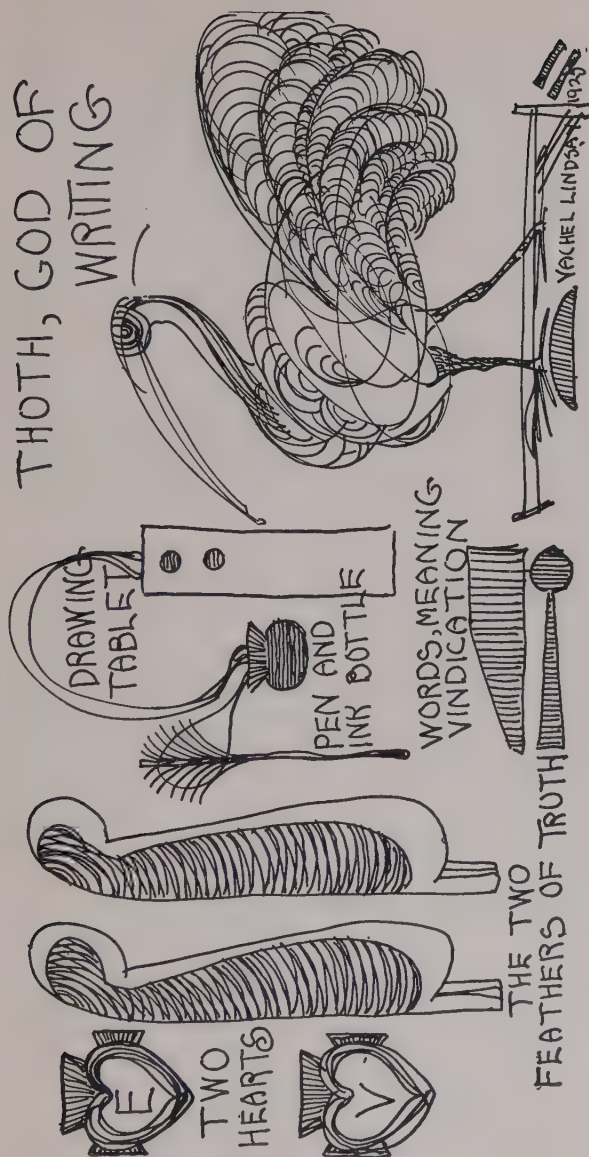
“Why, yes,” said the fellow so vulgarly mellow,

“Why, yes, as a rule I eat hay.

“Once I ate bacon with Lindsay and Graham,

“But day after day I eat hay!”

THOTH, GOD OF
WRITING



Part of my Hieroglyphic Signature, Informally Enlarged

TWO POEMS GEOGRAPHICAL

I. HIEROGLYPHICS ON THE GULF OF MEXICO

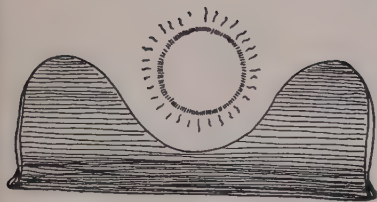
II. SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN

A Primer Lesson in Hieroglyphics

And now we set aside our whims
And try once more to be quite wise
With the new day shining in our eyes.

Egyptian hieroglyphic for the rising sun—
And I swam this morning toward that same big sun
In the Gulf of Mexico.

Egyptian hieroglyphic for the setting sun—
This hour is gay, serene, and slow.
This evening seems the loveliest one,
And I swim to-night toward the western sun
In the Gulf of Mexico.



EGYPTIAN HIROGLYPHIC FOR THE SUNRISE

YACHEL LINDSAY 1925

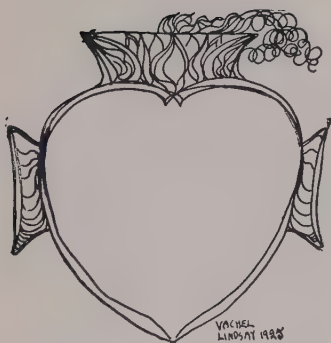
EGYPTIAN HIROGLYPHIC FOR THE SUNSET



YACHEL LINDSAY 1925

Hieroglyphics

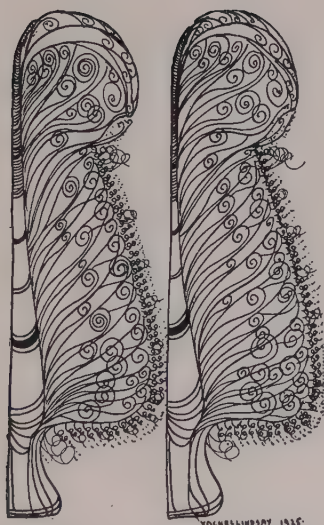
Egyptian hieroglyphic for that vase, the heart:
And the heart is still an urn of flame,
Though temples come and go.
The floors of Thebes and Abydos
Are ash heaps, but their spirit fires
Leap the sea, flame and grow
In the winds that sweep across the shores
Of the Gulf of Mexico.



EGYPTIAN
HIEROGLYPHIC FOR
THE HEART

Hieroglyphics

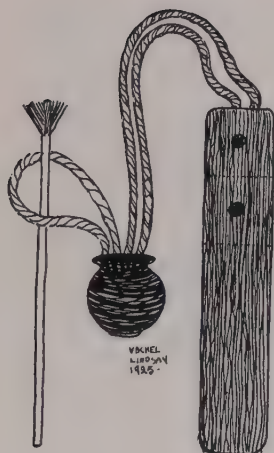
Egyptian hieroglyphic for the Plumes of Truth
For the truth twice-told, for the Justice Hall
Where the feathers may yet outweigh us all.
Truth is no steel or dynamite thing,
No reader lesson from old McGuffey,
Or editorial noisy and huffy
Puffing a senator with a boom,
Truth is a downy double Plume,
Truth-in-the-balance still the same,
Resilient; and not fixed or tame,
Upstanding, quivering, moon-beam fine,
Shaken by all the storms that blow,
Yet defying all the storms that blow,—
As it was in the old Egyptian sign,
As it was in Osiris' Judgment Room,
Weighing the heart on the day of doom,
As it is on the Gulf of Mexico.



EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHIC
FOR THE TRUTH

Hieroglyphics

Egyptian hieroglyphic for the learned scribe
And his funny tablet, ink bottle and pen,
And the loops to go over the scribe's lean shoulder,
(For over the shoulder they wore them then).
And if we take to these styles again,
We might be picture-writing men,
And set all the poets in a glow,
With our letters marching around the world,
Hieroglyphic, mural painting,
Photoplay and scenario,
From the Park on the Gulf of Mexico.

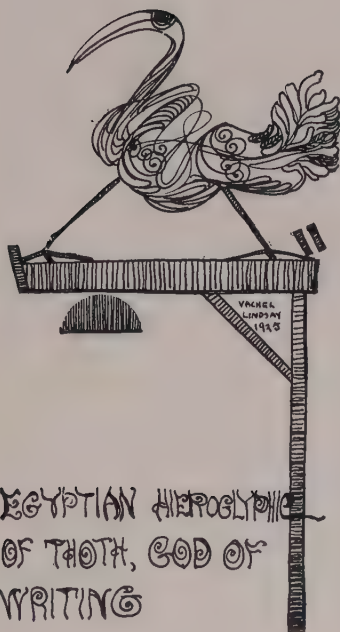


EGYPTIAN MICROGLYPHIC FOR
A SCRIBE, INDICATED BY
INK-BOTTLE, PEN AND
WRITING TABLET

Hieroglyphics

Egyptian hieroglyphic for the Great God Thoth,
King scribe of the Sun and the Truth,
The god of epics and of art,
Patron of electric signs,
Patron of billboards, and cartoons,
Of all our new and queer designs,
And the movies, in their youth.
Arch, humorous, feathery, soft,
On the old Nome standard still aloft,
A friendly strutting Ibis-king,
Ibis-god who can wink and sing,

Come let us march with him and fling
Bright inks about, paint up and shout—
Paint country places, gild our faces,
And tell to the farmers all we know,—
Hold our Festival of Thoth
On the Gulf of Mexico!



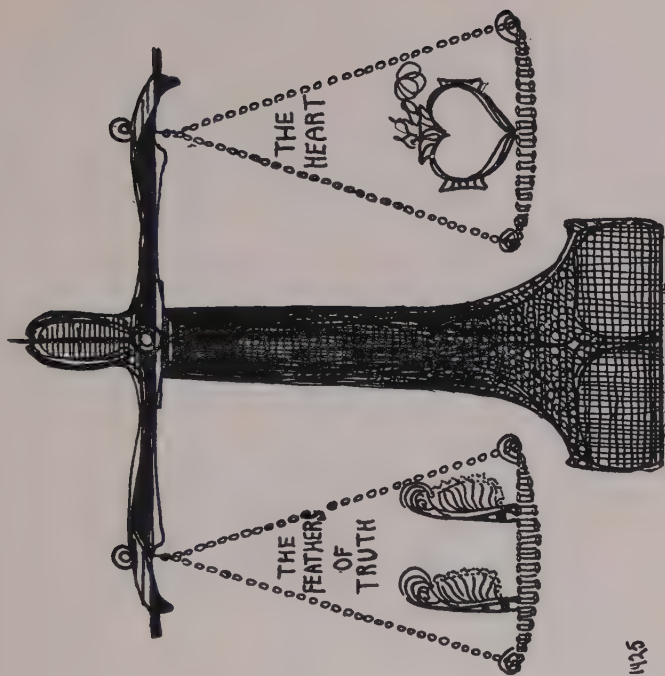
EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPH
OF THOTH, GOD OF
WRITING

Hieroglyphics

And here is the greatest sign they wrote,
For the mummy on the coffin lid,
And it meant: "No dead man here lies hid.
"He kneels in the hall of the Plumes of Truth,
"He speaks, is tried, is justified,
"He is standing by Osiris' side,
"The name of Osiris is on his breast,
"The merciful god's immortal guest."

EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHIC FOR THE SCALES OF JUSTICE AFTER DEATH

[79]



VACHEL LINDSAY 1925

Hieroglyphics

There is a truth that still redeems,
And I swim to-night where the sunset streams
On the Gulf of Mexico,
And my heart is as light as the truth of truth,
I feel at one with the feathery tide,
And my heart is weighed in my flaming side,
While I know the sunbeams flow
From my forehead to my splashing feet,
And a thousand songs from the far west come
With a strange gift to bestow,
With a fury of storm like a lightning flash
New victory comes with that furious beat,
My soul and the west made one, complete,
On the Gulf of Mexico.

TWO POEMS GEOGRAPHICAL

II. SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN

The Shakespearean Christmas Tree

In Saskatoon, Saskatchewan,
Shakespeare's voice seemed in the air,
And something in the prairie line,
Something in the wheat field fair,
Something in the British hearts
That gave me welcome in my need
Made my soul a splendid flower,
Out of a dry and frozen weed.

And something in the stubbly fields
And their young snow to end the year,
Brought a sob and a great wind,
Each snowflake was a frozen tear.
The sky rained thoughts, and a great song
In the Elizabethan tongue
Swept from the Canadian fields!
New broken sod, too sad, too young,
Yet brother fields to Kansas fields,
Where once I worked in sweat and fire
To give the farmer his ripe wheat,

Saskatoon

And slake my patriarch desire,
For wheat sheaves for my eyes and arms
A satisfaction vast and strange.
And now I reaped dim fields of snow
And heard the song from the wide range.

All prairies in the world are mine,
For I was born upon the plain.
And I can plant the wheat I choose,
In alien lands, in snow or rain.
I heard a song from Arden's wood,
A song from the edge of Arcady.
Rosalind was in the snow.
Singing her arch melody,
Although the only tree there found,
In alien, cold Saskatoon,
Was heaven's Christmas Tree of stars,
Swaying with a Shakespearean croon.
The skies were Juliet that night,
And I was Romeo below.
The skies Cordelia and Lear
And I the fool that loved them so.

Saskatoon

I shook my silly bells and sang
And told young Saskatoon good-by.
And still I own those level fields
And hear that great wind's noble cry.

GEOLOGY

Said the wind to the mountains of Glacier Park—

“My friends, am I wearing you out?”

Said the mountains then to the wind,

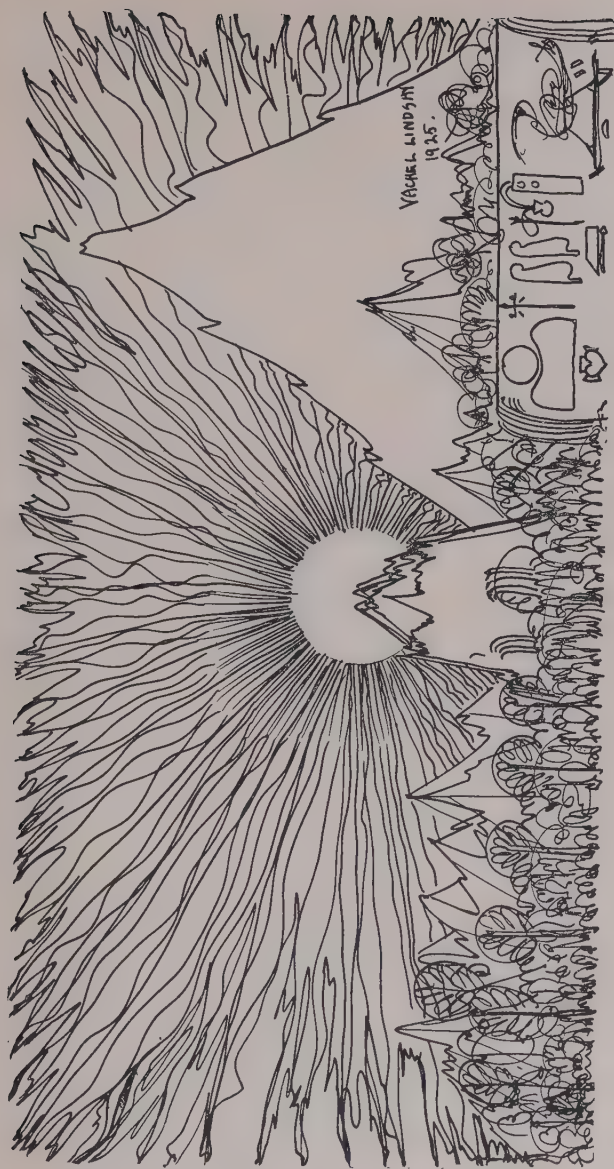
“You will in a million of years, without doubt!”

THE MOUNTAIN ANGELS

He who has loved the mountain angels
Is always lonely-hearted;
He will hear them rustle, rustle,
Their wings against the pane;
He will hear them singing, singing,
Far, far upon Sun Mountain,
While he is hid in cities,
Brooding in the rain.

THE BLOSSOMS THAT HAVE CHERUB'S WINGS.

The blossoms that have cherub's wings,
And grow in Heaven's greenest grass
Fold them down when twilight sings,
And watch the stars and midnight pass,
Then spread them again to Heaven's sun,
On gossamer threads they toss and rise,
Then break their threads, and leap through the
 clouds,
And flap wide plumes in the sun's eyes.



Heaven's Sun

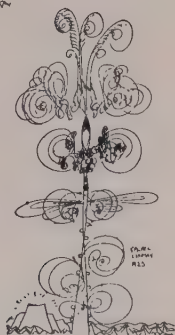
CELESTIAL FLOWERS OF GLACIER PARK

A SONG WITH HIEROGLYPHS

Celestial flowers spring up in Glacier Park.
Invisible to all but faithful eyes.
Those who are wise
See each flower springing with its aureole.
Every dawning brings one more surprise,
Shining in heaven between them and the sun,
Or nodding where the cold fountains run,
Or hovering over granite, shale, and snow,
The ghostly flowers like rainbows come and go.

I

These are the flowers: Lettuce for the Deer,
The Bee's Book, The Clouds Appear,
The Angel's Puff Ball, The Chipmunk's Big Salt
Cellar,
A Daisy Gone Wrong, The Sparrow's Fortune
Teller,
The Fountain of Feathers, Idle Hours,—
These are the flowers.



The Bee's Book

The Chipmunk's Big Salt Cellar

A Daisy Gone Wrong

The Fountain of Feathers

The Sparrow's Fortune Teller

The Angel's Puff Ball

Lettuce for the Deer

Celestial Flowers

II.

These are the flowers: The Bear's Bridal Wreath,
The Glacier's Dance, The Summer Storm's White
Teeth,
The Frost's Temple, The Icicle's Dream,
Going Toward the Rainbow, Sunlight on the
Stream,
The Mountain Carpet, the Red Ant's Towers,
These are the flowers.



The Bear's Bridal Wreath

The Frost's Temple

The Glacier's Dance

The Icicle's Dream

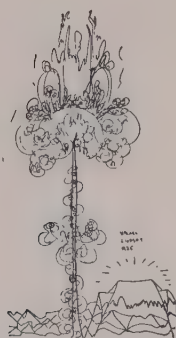
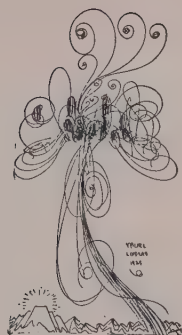
The Mountain Carpet

Going Toward the Rainbow

Celestial Flowers

III

These are the flowers: Wall Paper for the Sky,
The Eaglet, The East Wind's Eye,
The South Wind's Lady, The Amazing Dawn,
The West Wind, The Vision of the Fawn,
The Companion of the Fern, The Dragon-Fly
Lowers,
These are the flowers.



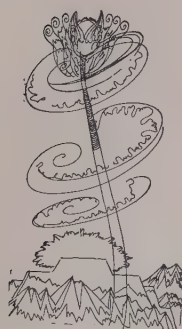
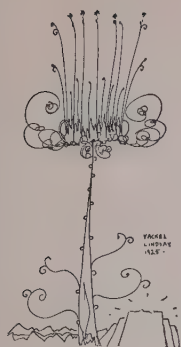
*Wall Paper for the Sky
The South Wind's Lady
The West Wind*

*The Eaglet
The Amazing Dawn
Companion of the Fern*

Celestial Flowers

IV

These are the flowers: Going-to-the-Stars,
Going-on-Vacation, The Moth's Train of Cars,
Going-to-the-West, Going-to-the-Snow,
Going-to-the-Honey, The Indian's Bow,
Going-to-the-Moon, The Perfumed Bowers,
These are the flowers.



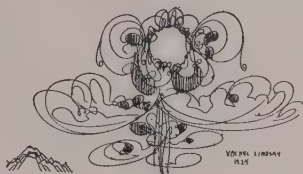
Going-to-the-Stars
Going-to-the-West
Going-to-the-Honey

Going-on-Vacation
Going-to-the-Snow
Going-to-the-Moon

Celestial Flowers

V

These are the flowers: The Flapper's Pride,
Ribbon for Your Hat, The Lover's Guide,
The Golden Garter, The Sheik's Plume,
Clocks for Your Stockings, Torch for the Gloom,
The Mirror of Fashion, The Crab-Apple Sours,
These are the flowers.



Ribbon for Your Hat

The Flapper's Pride

The Golden Garter

Torch for the Gloom
The Sheik's Plume

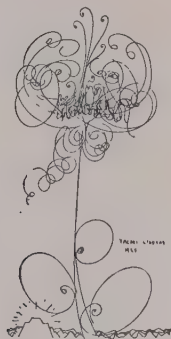
Clocks for Your Stockings

The Mirror of Fashion

Celestial Flowers

VI

These are the flowers: Romeo's Cap,
Kisses on the Mountain-Top, Diana's Lap,
A Thought from the Waterfall, Juliet's Bed,
The Midnight Wind, The Robin's Head,
The Breasts of Pocahontas, The Shadowy Powers,
These are the flowers.



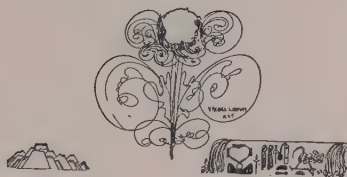
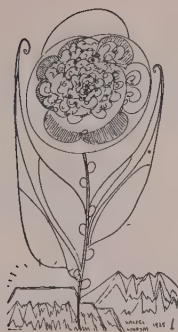
Romeo's Cap
A Thought from the Waterfall
The Midnight Wind

Kisses on the Mountain-Top
Juliet's Bed
The Breasts of Pocahontas

Celestial Flowers

VII

These are the flowers: The Sugar Candy Bun,
The Mohawk Fantasy, Singing-to-the-Sun,
Going-to-the-Stream, The Cricket from the Sea,
The Outdoor Corsage, The Baby Peach Tree,
Going-to-the-Winds, The June Time Showers,
These are the flowers, these are the dream flowers.



The Mohawk Fantasy
Going-to-the-Stream

The Outdoor Corsage

Singing-to-the-Sun
Going-to-the-Winds



THAT GOD
OF WAITING

(17)



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Lindsay, Vachel

Going-to-the-stars

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| 29 '27 | 7076 | | |
| 24 '27 | 8203 | | |
| 12 '30 | 2320 | | |
| Jun 22 '31 | 6280 | | |

811 Lindsay, Vachel
L Going-to-the-stars.

Wilmington Public Library

Wilmington, N. C.

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1. Books marked 7 days may be kept one week. Books marked 14 days, two weeks. The latter may be renewed, if more than 6 months old.

2. A fine of two cents a day will be charged on each book which is not returned according to above rule. No book will be issued to any person having a fine of 25 cents or over.

3. A charge of ten cents will be made for mutilated plastic jackets. All injuries to books beyond reasonable wear and all losses shall be made good to the satisfaction of the Librarian.

4. Each borrower is held responsible for all books drawn on his card and for all fines accruing on the same.

